Dumbe ſhew.

Enter at one dore Pericles *talking with* Cleon, *all the Traine with them: Enter at another dore, a Gentleman with a Letter to* Pericles; Pericles *ſhewes the Letter to* Cleon; Pericles *gines the Meſſenger a reward, and Knights him.*

Exit Pericles *at one dore, and* Cleon *at an other.*

Good *Hellicon* that ſtayd at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he ſtriue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his Prince deſire,
Sau'd one of all that happes in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with ſinne,
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharſis* was not beſt,
Longer for him to make his reſt:
He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas;
Where when men been, there's ſeldome eaſe,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch vnquiet, that the ſhip,
Should houſe him ſafe; is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) hauing all loſt,
By Waues, from coaſt to coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tyr'd with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore, to giue him glad:
And heere he comes: what ſhall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wette.

Per. Yet ceaſe your ire, you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Raine, and Thunder: remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alaſſe

Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rocks,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffize the greatnes of your powers,
To haue bereeft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

Enter three Fiſher-men.

1 What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I ſay?
3. What ſay you Maiſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirr'ſt now:
Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.
3. Faith Maiſter, I am thinking of the poore men,
That were caſt away before vs, euen now.
1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it greiued my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarce helpe our ſelues.
3. Nay Maiſter, ſayd not I as much,
When I ſaw the Porpas, how he bounſt and tumbled?
They ſay, they're halfe fiſh, halfe fleſh:
A plague on them, they neere come but I looke to be waſht.
Maiſter, I maruell how the fiſhes liue in the Sea?
1. Why as men doe a land;
The great ones eat vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Miſers, to nothing ſo fitly,
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at laſt, deuoure them all at a mouthfull:
Such Whales haue I heard on a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they ſwallow'd
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.
Per. A prettie Morall.
3. But Maiſter, if I had been the Sexton,
I would haue beene that day in the Belfrie.
2. Why, Man?

 1. Becauſe